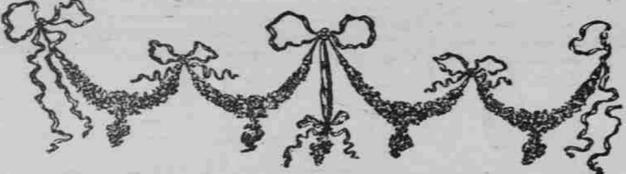


BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare,
Not wholly glad my heart can be
If I go free, and sound and stout.
While his poor fetters clank,
Unstaid still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichever fall
The other's hand may fall him not—
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart be sad—
What benefit have I?
Best he whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.
—E. S. Martin



A Boomerang.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.
(Copyright, 1901, Dally Story Pub. Co.)
When Jared Peters went west to help the country grow up, Rose Hawthorne thought her heart was broken. This was a logical sequence of the firm conviction that she could not live without Jared, which had led her to engage herself to him. In accordance with this fixed idea, she, for a day or two, refused food, and mournfully contemplated the prospect of an early demise. But an immature mind cannot long dominate a young and healthy physique. On the third day she made several surreptitious visits to the pantry; on the fourth day she dined openly and heartily; and the day after she was startled by the discovery that she had not thought of Jared for several hours.

The Sunday following Jared's departure, she permitted Harold Winter-set, the son of a wealthy manufacturer from a neighboring city, to accompany her home from church and linger for an hour at the gate; and she was again startled by the discovery that she enjoyed his society quite as much as Jared's.

Then she went upstairs and sat down in the moonlit window to consider. She had all the rules of love at her fingers' ends. She knew that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," that true love never forgets or wavers for the fraction of a second. She was therefore forced to the conclusion that she did not love Jared; that she never had loved him; and the manufacturer's son was allowed to call regularly.

Jared's letters were intensely interesting. The little western town which he had taken under his wing was on a "boom." He had already doubled his small capital and was proceeding to double it again. Rose had all the rules of arithmetic also at her fingers' ends. She knew something of geometrical progression; and having become in view of her large experience, skeptical in regard to the tender passion, she planned her future operations on a strictly commercial basis. After careful consideration, she decided that a budding Western capitalist in the hand was worth more than a wealthy manufacturer's son in the bush; so she did not break her engagement; and she did not mention Harold in her numerous and entirely satisfactory letters to Jared.

Although his love was false, Jared had one devoted admirer. From the day it was declared that the red-faced mite of humanity called Jared was the image of his grandfather, the old man had found his chief occupation in tracing his own characteristics in the growing boy.

"He's a Peters, every inch of him,"



On the Third Day.

gran'ther would shout when Jared's boyish achievements creditable or otherwise, came to his notice.

Gran'ther Peters had always liked Rose; and of all the girls in the country round, he would have chosen her for Jared. When, therefore, at the age of sixteen, Jared first walked some from church with her, gran'ther retired to the grape arbor and chuckled till he was black in the face. He did all he could to foster the budding romance; and when the engagement

was formally announced, his rapture nearly caused a fit of apoplexy.

When a tattling neighbor brought the news of Rose's double-dealing, the old man flatly refused to believe it; but when with his own eyes, he saw Rose and Harold strolling by arm in arm, in the dusk, he took to his bed. After two or three days of misery, mental and physical, he arose and spent an entire afternoon in inditing a letter which struck consternation to Jared's soul. It was vague in manner and matter; but he gathered from it some inkling of the truth; and immediately wrote—not to Rose, but to one of her girl friends. By return mail he received a spicy and perhaps not unex-



"I Shall Stand by Jared,"
agitated account of Rose's "carrying-ings on."

Now Jared, absorbed in speculation as he was, had kept a little corner of his heart for Rose, and thought himself a miracle of constancy because he had not allowed another to share it. There are pretty girls in Kansas; and there was one in particular, with wondrous dimples, that he had noticed, just barely noticed, you know—so he made the customary remarks about female perfidy. He wrote Rose a biting letter—and tore it up; for a subtler revenge had occurred to him. He divined that Rose preferred him to Harold—if he succeeded in making money; and he plotted accordingly.

From this date his correspondence took on a dismal hue. The boom was declining; and there were vague hints of pitfalls that ensure the unwary and the inexperienced. Close on the heels of these dire forebodings, followed a rumor that Jared had come home unexpectedly, looking very seedy; and it was surmised, "dead broke."

Friends and neighbors, Rose and Harold among them, promptly gathered on the broad piazza to greet the home comer, and learn the truth of the matter. One glance at the young man's doleful face was enough. Disaster was written on it.

At first he seemed disinclined to talk; but numerous well put queries finally loosened his unwilling tongue. Among the friends Jared made in the west was one who had been born under an unlucky star. He was intelligent and shrewd; but everything he touched turned to ashes. Where others reaped golden harvests, he reaped misfortune, and his affairs became serious-ly involved. He was too young to know that while there is life there is hope; and one night, Jared, who roomed with him, came home to find his friend stretched on the floor with a bullet through his head, and the empty revolver in his own stiffening right hand.

With the callousness of youth, Jared adapted this young fellow's story to his own uses. Up to the culminating tragedy, he told it as his own, and told it well. He was a clever actor, and fully realized the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

The stage setting was perfect. A rising thunder storm had dyed the summer twilight an inky black; and continual flashes of lightning illumined Jared's handsome, melancholy face and sombre eyes. He sat opposite his false sweetheart and Harold; and behind him, the old man, white-faced but firm-lipped, glared over his boy's head like a wounded lion.

As Jared's sad, mellow voice died away with a little break—he felt a pang of genuine emotion as he remembered poor Wiley's face with the bullet hole in the forehead—Rose's heart melted. All that was sweet and womanly and good in her untutored soul rose to the surface. She crossed the piazza, and laying her hand on Jared's shoulder, resolutely faced her frowning parents and the chagrined Harold.

"I shall stand by Jared," she said, in ringing tones.

Jared started to his feet in dismay. This climax was precisely the opposite of the one he had courted and expected. The face of the dimpled Kansas girl flitted across his memory, and then disappeared forever. The boom-erang he had launched buried itself in his own heart. The two young things who had been playing with the eternal vertiges of love and death, looked into each other's eyes, and, by the white light of the approaching storm, saw there that which made them afraid and ashamed of what they had been doing—saw the dawn of an everlasting affection—the affection that mocks disaster, and calmly ignores doubters and detractors, as the placid moon ignores the yellow dog that bays it.

Gran'ther's face was convulsed with delight. Tears of joy meandered unheeded down his wrinkled cheeks, as, glaring at the discomfited Harold, he raised his staff and brought it down with a force that split it in twain.

"She's a Peters, every inch of her," he roared. "Leastways, she soon will be."

Rose was somewhat shocked when she learned that Jared's woes were all assumed; and that he had prudently escaped from the collapsing boom with the neat little nest egg of one hundred thousand dollars; but she became reconciled to the situation in time.

"STRICTLY FRESH EGGS."

You Cannot Make Hens Lay When They Don't Want To.

With all that men of science have done to procure for our tables luxuries without regard to season, so that almost we say "there is no season," no one of them has yet succeeded in wheedling a hen into laying her best and biggest eggs at any other season of the year than that at which the primal hen so distinguished herself. There have been many experiments of all kinds tried with regard to hatching chickens and they have all been more or less successful, till the term "spring chicken" has become a misnomer. Or rather there are others beside spring chickens. We have winter chickens, thanks to incubators and brooders and all sorts of appliances, and fall chickens in between seasons, which is one of the compensations, scattered all through life if we look for them. But the hen plods on in that tiresome unchanging way and looks untouched by all the means that man has invented for hatching her eggs for her, though no one knows just what she thinks. Probably her line of thought takes the stand that you may lead a hen to any kind of artificially warmed and lighter nest, but you cannot make her lay; and cold storage has done much to make us indifferent to the stubborn attitude of the hen.

The farmer who doesn't know that he may by the care he takes of his hens influence the manner and kind of eggs they lay for him does not deserve to succeed. Hens like clean, sunny houses, and they like good wholesome food, and in variety. They want a certain amount of corn and meal and they dearly love a flavor of meat in their food. Also they like something in the nature of oyster shells that they can pick up after day from their grocer eggs of not only a uniform size and of even tinting—either all white or with a tinge of brown—take it as a matter of course, and think perhaps that it is just so in every case. But there are sorters whose business it is to put into cases eggs that "match" in color and size. And they do say that in Boston the brownish eggs have the first call, while in New York the demand for uniformity in size and color that induces a poultry farmer to have his hens all of one breed.—Epicure.

Cottage Heirlooms in England.
It is still quite a common experience to find fine and even valuable specimens of old English furniture, chiefly made of oak, in the cottages of the willage folk. These pieces of furniture have been handed down from generation to generation of rural folk such as carters, keepers, woodmen and shepherds. How did the family originally come by them? The explanation is this in many cases: Generations ago, when the furniture, which is once again prized greatly, began to go out of fashion and to be superseded by stuff which we view with contempt nowadays, it was sold and farmers bought much of it. But by and by, the farmer being prosperous, and desiring to be in the fashion, too, like his landlord, bought in his place more modern chairs and tables, etc. The de-lapidated oak chairs, coffer, etc., and now, once again, the old furniture has come into favor and is finding its way back from the cottage to the hall—London Express.

Queen of Holland's Crown.

The crown which adorns the brow of Queen Wilhelmina is said to have cost £1,500. In 1829 it was stolen by burglars, and for nearly two years remained in their possession, says Home Notes. Some of the stones were eventually discovered in America, and the remainder were recovered from Belgium.

The Weekly Panorama.

An English Beauty.

Lady Milbank enjoys the superiority of a greater number of inches than any other of the high-born beauties of London society. Lady Milbank proudly boasts that she is a fraction over the perfect height of a man, but none the less is she graceful for all that.

She is blonde and blue-eyed, with a typical English skin of milk and roses, and the artists who have painted her portrait say she has the prettiest little ears in all England. As a rule Lady Milbank dresses in soft, clinging fabrics, draped with a special view to accentuating her stately inches, and a big black hat, loaded with plumes, is the invariable accompaniment of all her charming gowns.

In spite of her good looks and great social talents, this vigorous young woman wastes little of her time in social frivolities. She is an expert yachts-woman, holding a pilot's certificate, and also a great huntress, whether the game is deer in Scotland, foxes in England or pigs in India.

All the way from England she came one season to fish for tarpon in Flor-



LADY MILBANK

ida waters, and she is said to have purchased a share in a western cattle ranch, in order to have a chance to try the strenuous life of the great plains and experiment at shooting in the Rockies.

King Edward Not a Joker.

Some male and female American toadies presented to Queen Alexandra, through King Edward of England, a medal and a servile address. The king, acknowledging in a bored way the trouble taken, alluded to their "loyal, dutiful sentiments." This was no slip of the tongue on the part of the Englishman. There was good reason for alluding to Americans of the class addressed as "loyal and dutiful," and by the same token King Edward will find in this country a good many others who would also deserve to be called "loyal" by him. We possess among our inhabitants an individual who has just gone abroad to receive some trifling decorations from the English monarch, says Hearst's Chicago American.

This individual spent thousands of American dollars fitting out an ambulance corps for the British war against the Boers. He never spent a penny when the United States was fighting the Spanish. It was right that he should not spend anything in an American war, for there is nothing American about him except some money which he got by marrying a woman whose ancestors bought cheap land on Manhattan Island. The Americans who presented the medal to King Edward of England had helped to fit out a hospital ship to take care of the British soldiers shot by the Boers. Those same Americans had done nothing, had shown no interest, when their own country was at war in a righteous cause except to go about prating that England "sympathized with us" in our war against Spain.

That Man Maclay.

Here is a portrait of Maclay, the accuser of Admiral Schley. He is a Scotchman by birth, a newspaper man by choice, and a historian by necessity. When all the facts become known it



HISTORIAN MACLAY.

will be found that down at the bottom of his charges against Schley was the ambition to do something that would attract national attention to his work. He has succeeded in making himself rich in dollars if not in the esteem of the American people. He was educated at Cornell. He worked as a reporter on the New York Tribune. He got a situation in the lighthouse service, and later got a clerkship in the navy.

As the World Revolves

The Duke of Cornwall.

It is announced semi-officially that the Duke of Cornwall, son of the English King and heir to the throne of Great Britain, will not come to the United States. He would like to come very much indeed and to study at closer range the men who are causing his native land so much trouble. But he is afraid that the Americans will not receive him respectfully.

His idea of a proper reception in New York would involve official recognition of his superiority, based on the fact that his father spent more than fifty years of a worthless life gambling and waiting for a place that he ought never to have had, says Chicago American.

The millionaire idiots who produce so rapidly in this country, the foolish, empty-headed so-called socialists, which divide its time between toadyism and snobbery, are sufficiently anomalous in a republic without inviting visits from the regularly appointed ridiculousness of monarchical rule.

We advise the Duke of Cornwall, who seems to be an amiable young saphead fond of being photographed in a very large top hat, to confine his visits to Canada, where they still prefer being ruled and protected at a distance to the responsible work of ruling themselves.

They Live on Fish.

"The city of Cebu has something like 200,000 inhabitants, but this population is largely made up of people who are huddled together in native huts," said Capt. Going of the Forty-fourth, just back from service in the Philippines, the other day. "They live year in and year out on rice and corn. There is no hunting, but thousands of small fish, less than six inches long, are caught and dried for local consumption. We had a contract with an old man who controls the fishing at Dumanjug, to furnish us with all the big fish he might catch. Once in two or three weeks he would bring us a fish a foot long, but such are very rare. The natives, even of the lowest classes are extremely fond of cock-fighting. They arm the birds with saber gaffs, and nothing is regarded as a fight unless both the birds are killed, the money, of course, being awarded to the backers of the bird that survives the longer. A native who is able to get as much as 50 cents knows no more delightful way to spend it than to wager it on the outcome of a cock-fight."

May Succeed Dawes.

Professor Joseph French Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania may succeed Charles G. Dawes as comptroller of the currency. Professor Johnson is regarded as one of the best



PROF. J. F. JOHNSON.

informed authorities upon finance in the country and several years ago, if he had chosen to accept, he might have been comptroller. He preferred, though, retaining his place as a teacher in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy in the University of Pennsylvania. The Republican party has been under great obligations to Professor Johnson for service rendered during the campaign in 1896, and he stands close to the present administration through the many friends he has holding high official positions. Professor Johnson has just returned from Europe, where he journeyed with Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Vanderlip, and is now spending the summer on his farm in Massachusetts. Comptroller Dawes' successor will be appointed Oct. 1.

England's Danger.

Dean Fremantle contributes to the Times an interesting and important letter to show that "the causes of depopulation" are not peculiar to France, but that "all Europe, except Russia, is going in the same direction, and England is leading the way." He says if the present decline in the birth-rate continues in the next 25 years it will have come down from 29 to 23 per 1,000; and in less than 50 years from this time it will have been reduced to 17, the lowest figure which we can imagine the death-rate to reach. There will then be no increase of the nation, but as now in France, the prospect of actual diminution. He declares there is no reason to doubt that the limitation of families will go on beyond any assignable limits unless the conscience of the nation awakes to its tremendous danger. The wish for ease and material enjoyment are indicated as the general cause of the evil.

People and Events

Will Succeed Allen.

William H. Hunt, who will succeed Charles H. Allen as governor of Porto Rico Sept. 1, has been secretary of the island under Governor Allen and is thoroughly familiar with its affairs. He was born in New Orleans forty-four years ago and is the fourth son of the late William Henry Hunt, who was Secretary of the Navy in the cabinets of Presidents Garfield and Arthur, and minister to Russia. The greater part of his life, however, has been passed in Montana, where he has held prominent political positions ever since he was 27 years old. Mr. Hunt was educated at Yale, but ill health prevented the completion of his course. As a recompense for this loss of a degree and as a tribute to his later successes, Yale University made him an honorary master of arts in 1896. In 1884 he was elected attorney general of Montana, and he was a member of the constitutional convention when the State was admitted to



WM. H. HUNT

the Union. Four years later he served in the Legislature, and since then he has held important judicial positions in the State.

Warships on the Lakes.

By the Rush-Bagot treaty, or "agreement" of 1817, neither Great Britain nor the United States can maintain on the great lakes more than four small armed vessels, including one on Lake Ontario and one on Lake Champlain. No such vessel may exceed 100 tons burden, nor may its armament exceed one eighteen-pound cannon. "And no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."

It is stipulated that either party may terminate this agreement by giving six months' notice, and there is a demand in certain quarters that our government give this notice and resume the right to build war vessels on the lakes without restrictions of any kind.

Ousted from Russia.

When a newspaper man accepts of the hospitality of the Russian government, and is given every chance to judge Russian life and character, and then, as soon as he gets out of range of Russian influence, denounces the Russians and their form of government he is not likely to retain the good opinion of men in general and those he has wronged in particular. The Russian government claims that George Kennan, who has just been expelled from Russian territory, has basely betrayed the confidence here-tofore reposed in him because he was an American, by publishing falsehoods about Russia's penal system—falsehoods that have been repeatedly disproved by reputable American writers such as John W. Bookwalter, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, William E. Curtis and others. Kennan went to Russia, lately, knowing full well that he would be expelled. His visit is supposed to have some connection with an intrigue which has for its object the creation of ill-feeling between Russia and the



George Kennan.

United States. In Russia Kennan is regarded as an Englishman in pay of the British foreign office; otherwise he would not have been deported.

For years Dr. R. Johnson Held of New York had been preparing an exhaustive treatise on diseases of the eye, ear and nose. The other evening he completed the last of the 6,532 typewritten pages, and with a sigh of satisfaction sat back in his chair to enjoy a cigar. He fell off into a nap, from which he awoke to find that the burning end of his pipe had ignited the cloth of a table on which he had laid the manuscript. The pages were nearly all consumed and lay in a heap of ashes.

Mrs. William J. Bryan has erected a handsome monument to the memory of her father, John Baird, who died recently. The stone is of granite from Massachusetts and has been set up in the family lot in Wyuka cemetery, near Lincoln, Neb.